

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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## Our Brother Man

We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more, To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core; Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who is true to man; wherever wrong is done, To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

—James Russell Lowell.

## The Price of Gold

By Sir Philip Gibbs

Many old treasures went into the melting pot during a recent chapter of history when England went off the gold standard and the price of gold rose so high that it tempted many hard-pressed people to sell trinkets or any thing made of that precious metal.

There were ques of well-dressed folk, old and young, before the counters of gold assayers and jewelers. Poor old widows sold their husbands' signet rings—thousands of them. Tiaras and ducal coronets came into the counter. Old athletes who had once been heroes of the sporting world now slunk out to sell their trophies. The descendants of famous soldiers sold the medals and decorations of their ancestors. Old ladies keeping lodgings or living in bed-sitting rooms—impoverished by falling dividends—went to the buyers of gold with their engagement rings, or with bracelets and necklaces which had once belonged to their great grandmothers. Thousands of watches of rare workmanship, which had been kept as heirlooms, went into the scrap heap for so much an ounce.

I cannot help thinking of all this because of one old lady who was excited by this "Gold Rush," as it was called, and in her simplicity—the childlike simplicity of age—believed that the few trinkets she had might be the means of keeping a roof over her head and the wolf from the door.

The roof was an old one with high chimneys, and the door had been made from timber cut from a tree felled before Elizabeth was queen. They belonged to a Tudor farmhouse with three hundred acres of good arable land round it on the border of Sussex. She had lived there more than forty years after her husband's death with her son, who was John Eashing, like his father, and like the eldest sons of all the Eashings, who had ploughed those fields. Now she was living there with her grandson, another John, and his French wife, Henriette.

Granny, as they called her, was eighty-two years old and still active, with a will of her own and an interest in the affairs of life, although some people, Henriette for instance, seemed to think that she was in her second childhood. Absurd that! She still read the newspaper every day, if she could find her glasses—they had an extraordinary habit of disappearing from the place where she had put them only two minutes before.

She was a little deaf, but not nearly so deaf as they seemed to think. These young people mumbled nowadays, and Henriette spoke English with a French accent. After supper, when they sat on each side of the open hearthside with a log fire burning below the Tudor chimneypiece, Henriette sprawling in a deep armchair with some novel on her lap, while John smoked his pipe and stared moodily into the flames, the old lady played patience as she had done for more than forty years every evening on a little card table made when Queen Anne was not yet dead.

They mumbled together, these young people whom she had confused with their predecessors. She wished they wouldn't mumble. And they were always hiding things from her. That was her worst grudge against them. They tried to keep her in the dark about everything, dropping their voices when they had private things to say to each other, and not letting her know what was happening or what was going to happen. Henriette would go off in the motor car sometimes—without saying a word about it—and

come back hours later as though she had been away only five minutes. That was annoying.

Then John told her nothing about the farm. It was a surprise to her when she overheard him telling Henriette that the lady had been ruined by the rain and that he had lost a good bit of money. She was upset one day when he let out that he had turned off six of his men because he couldn't afford to pay their wages. One of them had been on the farm for twenty years. He was the son of a ploughman she had known when her son was alive. This grandson of hers had no right to turn off men without letting her know anything until it had happened. They always pretended that they had told her and that she simply had forgotten again.

She crept to her bedroom and stood there in her nightgown before the dressing table on which two candles were burning low.

"John is in debt," she said. "He has been hiding it from me. They hide everything from me. They're afraid to tell me."

She slipped into bed. She had a dream that she was a young girl again with a husband who thought her beautiful. She was surprised in the morning to remember that she was an old woman. It was when she was doing her hair in front of the mirror on the dressing table that she saw how old she looked. It gave her quite a shock, as it often did after a dream when she was back in her girlhood.

Then she remembered other things. John was in debt! She had heard him say so last night. Unless that had been a dream, too. She was afraid about talking about things like that because sometimes she mixed up dreams with the real things and was never quite sure of herself.

It was a week or so after that night that John Eashing, her grandson, went to see the manager of a bank in the market town. The cashier nodded to him in a friendly way and said, "Good morning, Mr. Eashing."

John Eashing returned the nod.

"Can I see Mr. Barton?" he asked gravely.

He had to wait a few minutes before he saw Mr. Barton, the bank manager. Then he was shown in and the manager—a young-looking man in spite of grey hair about his temples—held out his hand to the son of an old comrade who had been in his battalion during the world war.

"Good morning, John. Take a chair, won't you? Have a cigarette?" "Thanks."

Young Eashing sat heavily in the chair and accepted a light for the cigarette.

"Rotten weather!" said Mr. Barton. "Won't ever stop raining? How are the crops these days?"

Young Eashing shrugged his shoulders.

"Ruined. My barley is all down. Most of the wheat is beaten flat. Hardly worth cutting."

The bank manager sighed. "Tragic, isn't it? They all tell me the same thing. It has been a disastrous harvest—on top of all the other troubles."

"Yes."

Young Eashing was silent for a moment or two, staring down at his heavy boots. Then he looked at the bank manager.

"How much am I overdrawn?" he asked.

Mr. Barton swung around in his chair and took a ledger from a shelf behind him. It was a lettered book and he put his finger into the E section and spread the ledger open on the desk.

"I'm afraid it's an easy question to answer," he said. "You're overdrawn by eighteen hundred pounds. To tell the truth, my dear lad, I'm getting anxious about it. I'm having trouble with the head office."

"I shall have to trouble them a bit more," said Eashing. "I want you to let me have another five hundred. That will carry me till Michaelmas, if I cut down wages to the bare minimum. I've sacked six more men, poor devils."

The bank manager was looking at some figures in his book. He didn't seem to like the looks of them. He stubbed out his cigarette with a nervous hand. Then he looked the young man in the eyes, gravely.

"I hate to be brutal about it," he

said, "but I can't let you have another five hundred, my dear fellow. Not even another hundred. The fact is your overdraft is too big already. I'm in trouble about it. You see the bank is carrying too much on their books. Now that we're off the gold standard and things are very black everywhere—prices falling disastrously—we shall all be in Queer Street if we don't look out. In fact we are going to get out of it without an almighty crash."

Young Eashing stared at him gloomily.

"Then how am I going to carry on?" he asked. "How am I going to pay wages and feed stock? Even now the farm is getting into bad condition. It wants hedging and ditching. Some of my best fields are rotten with weeds because I've cut down on labor."

Mr. Barton nodded. "Exactly. Tragic. Half the farms in England are in the same way."

There was silence between the two men until the younger of them spoke abruptly and almost angrily.

"I shall have to have that five hundred! I can't let the farm go to hell. I must employ enough men to carry on. I can't get any more credit from the corn merchants and I want some more nitrate. As it is I'm starving the land."

The bank manager answered after a long pause.

"I can't let you have any more. Those are my instructions—I'm desperately sorry. More than words can say. I knew your father—"

Young Eashing shifted in his chair, and when he spoke his voice was raised to an angry tone.

"What do you think I'm going to do then? How do you think I'm going to live and carry on the farm? Do you mean to say the bank won't advance me another bean? Why, damn it, the credit of an Eashing is good enough, isn't it? We've been here for hundreds of years. Isn't my name sufficient security until prices rise again?"

Mr. Barton gave a slight groan before he answered.

"I know how you feel. I'm desperately sorry. One can't think of the old farm without an Eashing on it. Your family has been there for the best part of English history. But I can't disguise the facts from you, my dear fellow. You're insolvent. The bank can't lend you any more."

"I'm afraid you'll have to put the old place up for sale. If you can't carry on—it has a value as building land. Now that they're bringing the new by-pass near—"

Young Eashing sprang up from his chair and cried out fiercely:

"No! By God, no! Sell the farm? Why my people owned it before the Tudors times. They would turn in their graves."

He had turned white, though his face was tanned. He thrust a nervous hand through his short brown hair. Standing there in an old rain coat above his leggings and big boots, he was a typical young farmer, although fated by modern life and not so rough as his forefathers.

Mr. Barton thought of this young man's grandfather, old Farmer Eashing, who had belonged to the old-fashioned farming class, simple and rustic, with a Sussex burr in his speech.

"I'm very sorry. Don't think I haven't any sympathy. But it's a time of sacrifice. England is up against it. We're all up against it, God help us."

He was much moved. For a moment there was a little moisture in his eyes as he turned to put the ledger back on its shelf.

"Good morning," said young Eashing.

He strode out of the manager's office, did not answer a remark from the cashier, and went out into the market place with moody eyes and a deepening line of pain about his lips.

That evening after supper he described his interview with the bank manager to Henriette. The old lady was sitting at her card table as usual. They didn't bother her, although she watched and listened.

Henriette went first to bed that night, and the old lady was left alone for a minute or two with her grandson. He forgot his was there and suddenly put his head down on his

arm with a deep groan. The old lady left her card table and went over to him.

"John," she said, "tell me. Are you going to sell the farm? I can hardly believe it, my dear. Perhaps I didn't hear quite well. Perhaps I got it all wrong. I'm getting old, you know."

John sprang up and gently put his arm about her.

"My dear Granny, I thought you had gone to bed! Sell the farm? Why, whatever put such an idea into your head? It was a dream, granny, a bad dream."

But she couldn't get the idea out of her head. It was fixed there. She felt quite certain that she hadn't misunderstood. It was very frightening.

Then one night she became excited about something she had read in the newspaper on her lap. It was all about gold. People were selling their watches and rings and anything they had with gold in it. They were getting a lot of money for it. There was a place in London where they were buying all this gold. The address was given in the newspaper. Very carefully and quietly, so that John and Henriette shouldn't see, the old lady cut out the corner of the newspaper.

Very cunningly she concealed it in the shawl she was knitting.

Wonderful ideas had come into her head. People thought she was a foolish old woman, in her second childhood, but she still had ideas. If gold was so valuable she might help John by selling some of her jewelry.

"Good night, my dears," she said presently, "I think I'll go to bed."

"So soon, Granny?" asked Henriette.

"I'm just a little tired, my dear."

"Let me give you an arm upstairs," said John.

He helped her upstairs, though she was quite able to go up alone.

In her bedroom she lit the candles on the dressing table, and a tall one on the cabinet by the window. She unlocked the drawers of the cabinet and took out all her jewelry and laid it out on the dressing table. There was the little old watch, beautifully chased, and the old-fashioned portrait enclosed in a locket, and her husband's tie-pin in the shape of a horseshoe, and other things which she had forgotten.

She fingered all these trinkets for a long time, until the three candles were almost burnt out. It was a long time before she went to sleep. Even with her eyes shut she could see the glint of gold on the dressing table. She felt happy.

Next morning after breakfast, she gathered up her collection of trinkets in a handbag, each one wrapped up in tissue paper. She had put on her best hat and mantle, and even buttoned up her gloves, ready for a journey to town by motor coach—it started at ten o'clock from the cross-roads by the Jolly Farmer—when she remembered she had forgotten the address of the firm in London which gave such a high price for gold.

How foolish of her! she thought. She searched everywhere except in the one little drawer where she had put it. She even looked into the vases on the mantelpiece, and was worried until—at last!—she saw that slip of paper torn from a newspaper in the very place where she had put it so carefully.

There was just time to catch the motor coach. John and Henriette had a silly idea that their granny ought not to go up to London alone. They didn't like her going even as far as Horsesham for a little shopping now and then. She was glad she could get away without a lot of explanation. Thoughtfully she left a little note on her mantelpiece in case they might worry about her.

Going up to London on business. Back to supper, Granny.

Not a soul saw her leave the house. She smiled to herself when she was safely outside the farm gate. It was nearly a year since she had been out alone, and she had a pleasant sense of escape and independence. She was quite sure she was going to save the farm. John would be very happy and surprised when she came back with the little fortune for him. It would take the worried look out of his eyes. He would know that his old granny was not yet in her second childhood.

The motor coach stood outside the Jolly Farmer. She was glad to see it there, and waved her umbrella at

the driver lest he should start without her. The conductor, a nice young man, recognized her and helped her up the steps.

"Good morning, Mrs. Eashing. Not going as far as London, surely?"

"Certainly I am," said Mrs. Eashing. "I have some business to do. Why wouldn't I go as far as London anyway, young man?"

He answered her question with a laugh full of friendliness.

"There's a lot of traffic in the streets there. I wouldn't like my granny to go to London without somebody to look after her. And that's the truth."

"Oh, I'm quite able to look after myself, thank you."

There were half a dozen people in the coach, who smiled at her when she took her seat, clasping the handbag which contained her treasures. She looked very small and frail there on the big seat with its tall back.

It almost seems as though some good fairy must have watched over this old lady in London. By some miracle she escaped being run over in Oxford Circus, where she was put down by the young conductor. By some happy chance she found the address of the gold dealers, after losing it again when she had wrapped it up in her handkerchief in order not to lose it. A genial taxi driver took her safely to Hatton Garden. He said nothing, but seemed to know what her business must be.

The young man behind the counter was very kind to her. There were about a dozen people waiting to have their gold valued. The counter was heaped with watches, signet rings, bracelets, and old jewelry of all kinds. Most of the people who were offering these things for the price of gold were rather shabby-looking and anxious, but near the counter stood a distinguished-looking old gentleman with some astrachan around his collar.

Mrs. Eashing happened to notice him because he reminded her of a vicar she had known some years ago. She almost thought it must be the Reverend Edward Clyming, until she remembered that Mr. Clyming had been dead for thirty years. She was glad she remembered this in time. She was almost on the point of holding out her hand to this unknown gentleman and greeting him as her old friend. It was very awkward making mistakes like that.

The young man behind the counter attended to her before some of the others who had been there first.

"Anything I can do for you, madam?" he asked politely, with a friendly smile. Mrs. Eashing opened her handbag and fumbled in it with nervous fingers. She laid out the little packets done up in tissue paper, but dropped two of them because of her nervousness and excitement. It was the distinguished-looking man like Mr. Clyming who picked them up for her, with a smile and a bow. Everybody was very kind.

"I have some very valuable objects," said the old lady to the young man behind the counter. "I understand you give the highest price for gold."

The young man gave a little laugh. "That's so, madam. The official price. Shall I see what you have?"

He undid some of the little packets. He glanced at the gold watch, so beautifully chased, which was the old lady's greatest treasure.

"It has been in my possession for sixty years," said the old lady. The workmanship is very wonderful. My dear husband gave it to me when we became betrothed."

"Seems a pity to sell it," said the young man. "There's not much gold in it, you know."

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Eashing. "It is pure gold."

"Oh, yes. But rather thin."

"And look at the chasing," said the old lady. "Everybody has admired it."

"Yes. Quite nice. But we buy by weight, you know."

The young man undid some of the other little packets, and laid out the gold tie-pin in the shape of a horseshoe, and the locket with the old-fashioned portrait inside, and the little gold heart which the old lady had worn at her breast as a bride, and the other trinkets which she had treasured all her life.

He held them in his hand and smiled across the counter at the gentleman with the bit of astrachan

round his collar. Some of the other people in the office were also smiling. The young man weighed them all on some scales at one end of the counter.

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed," he said gently. "The whole lot is worth only forty-five shillings. Will you take that, madam?"

Forty-five shillings! That was nothing at all. That would not go any way to save the farm. Mrs. Eashing thought she must have misunderstood. She had to admit that she was a little hard of hearing. She begged the young man to repeat his words. There must be a mistake somewhere.

When he repeated them quite loudly, the old lady's face became white. Tears filled her eyes. She felt a little faint after her long journey.

"But the watch!" she cried. "So beautifully chased! My dear husband paid a great sum for it."

"The gold is rather thin," said the young man kindly. "I'm so sorry. It's a nice little watch. Charming and old-fashioned."

"I have come a long way," said the old lady. "I understood that gold was very valuable. I have an advertisement here—"

She fumbled in her handbag for that piece of newspaper. She had lost it again. She searched in the pocket of her gown.

The young man behind the counter smiled at her again, with a little pity in his eyes—perhaps he had a granny of his own—and then turned to another customer.

It was then that the old gentleman with the astrachan collar leaned forward over the counter and took up the locket, which lay open, showing the old-fashioned miniature portrait.

"May I look at this?" he asked. The young man behind the counter nodded. Old Mrs. Eashing was still searching for the bit of newspaper which had advertised the value of gold.

The old gentleman had stepped back to the window. He was looking at the little portrait with great interest. He took out a magnifying glass and examined it more closely. He seemed startled. Presently he came back and spoke to the old lady.

"Pardon me! Do you know anything about this little portrait, madam?"

She knew nothing about it, except that it had been in her husband's family for many years. Perhaps for hundreds of years. She had brought it up because of the gold case. She had read an advertisement in a newspaper that people were making large sums of money by selling their gold. But she had been deceived. People were always deceiving her.

"This little locket," said the old gentleman, "is rather interesting. If I am right it is worth more to you than its weight in gold. I rather think I am right."

He spoke to the young man behind the counter, who raised his eyebrows and stared at the little portrait.

"My word!" he said. "Do you think so, Mr. Schultz? I don't know much about these things myself."

It was very kind of Mr. Schultz—his name was known in the art world—to take old Mrs. Eashing back to her farm in his Dauner car. He had a talk that evening with John Eashing, who had been very worried about his granny. Henriette sat listening to his talk, with a shining light in her dark eyes, with her pretty mouth—colored by her lipstick—slightly open.

Most of the talk was about a portrait painter named Holbein, who had lived in the times of Henry VIII, and of Anne Boleyn, whom he had painted before a sharp axe cut through her white neck. There was an Eashing once who had been a warder in the Tower of London—not one of the John Eashings, but a Richard of that name. He had been pitted of Henry's queen. She had given him a little locket before she died. It was this locket that interested Mr. Schultz.

It seemed astonishing that a small locket with an old-fashioned portrait in it should be worth the price of a Tudor farmhouse and three hundred acres of English land. But that was what it proved to be, and John Eashing had no need to sell his farmstead or press his bank for another overdraft. These things happen once in a while, but not often.—The Rotarian.

## Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

—HENLEY.

## Flowers of Romance

Craggy, bare and windswept is the Isle of Eriskay, dropped in the wild seas off the north of Scotland.

"What is to see but thin barley, thin oats, thin potatoes in patches, starveling grass, the soil in thin tatters, the bones of the rock sticking through?" wrote an American visitor, Miss Amy Murray in Father Allan's Island. "Here and there, to be sure, the small face of a lonesome pimpernel or violet looks up, or the tormentil's little fat rosette sits singly; here and there stands a stalk of wild thyme or hawkbit or moonwort; of St. Bride's flower, Our Lady's bed-straw, or the armpit plant; a harebell or a heartsease or a gowan. On the braeside in the glen well out of reach of sheep are a few stout sprays of honeysuckle, heather and the gail, and Prince Charley's flowers flourish out of reason where he came ashore. But, saving these last, nothing thrives here but nettles and dockens. The nettle makes a fine show of its sombre green on thatches and at house ends; the dockens grow tall and woody as would do to drive a cow with—if that were not forbidden."

It is forbidden because of one of the oddest of the many island superstitions. The dockens, the island folk have no doubt at all, is "the stick the Devil took to beat his mother with; and if a mother should lift it against her child, he would away and run the seven winds."

So much for one of the plants that really thrive on Eriskay; but the other—Prince Charley's flower? "In this very same isle royal Charley spent his first night in the kingdom of his fathers, sat all night long by the fire on the floor that one of his small company, who was ailing, might take such comfort as he could abed. On a knoll amongst nettles you shall still see some stones of the black house where the Adventurer, half-choked with peat-reek, passed the night; and hard by—so you come in midsummer—on another knoll the small green leaves and pinkish lilac trumpets of Prince Charley's flowers."

"That'll be a remembrance of me," they say he said and sowed with a light heart his handful of seeds in the sands of that bleak place; nor dreamed their increase would outlast his luck and his good name and the walls of the black house as well.

His luck, so the Islanders say, he lost on landing, though his landing made a pretty scene.

"An eagle, as it happened, hanging then aloft above a place of loveliness to those that like the wild and lonesome a beach of white sand under shore cliff; the sea, set with misty mountain isles before; a rowboat stayed down by rocks and the prince, young and lithe, leaping shorewards. But just here he spoiled the picture, and his luck too! For it takes an Islander to keep his footing amongst wrack and tangles. So the prince, for his haste, entangled into his kingdom headforemost."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," but sometimes in a sense that Shakespeare never meant. Little worthy as were all of the Stuarts, long as are the years between "Charley's Year"—1745—and today, the princely Adventurer is still a cherished figure of romance, even beyond the bounds of tiny Eriskay, where his memory blooms afresh each summer with "Prince Charley's flowers."

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NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1933

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WILLIAM A. RENNERT, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL  
Station M, New York City.

He's true to God who's true to man:  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
"Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are the most base.  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

## Politics and Education

DURING the present month of July there was held a great meeting of educators of the deaf, at the State School for the Deaf in Trenton, N. J. This assemblage included many of the heads of Institutions in Europe and the Orient, besides a most complete gathering of educators from the several schools in the United States. The representation of educators of the deaf was overwhelmingly large—undoubtedly the biggest and most distinguished group of educators of the deaf that has ever assembled in convention on the American Continent.

At this International Meeting on the Education of the Deaf, it was unanimously voted that position both as heads of schools and teachers of the deaf should not be subject to political interference, but should be held on merit only.

Yet it is understood that Superintendent Herbert E. Day, M.A., of the Missouri school, has just lost his position through the machination of politics. He possesses in an eminent degree all the qualifications required of a superintendent of a State School for the Deaf. For nearly a decade he has successfully and progressively promoted the educational welfare of the deaf of Missouri, previous to which he had been for several years a professor at Gallaudet College for the Deaf, Washington, D. C.

For partisan politics to interfere with the care and educational development of the handicapped deaf is as cruel and senseless as the alleged humorous stunt of the boy who pulled the chair from beneath his blind grandmother—which was not funny but thoughtless stupidity.

The Board does not raise the question of efficiency, but simply declares the position of superintendent vacant. In addition it was announced that a twenty-five per cent reduction on all salaries had been made. Probably this can be charged to economy; nevertheless it lets down the bars for the pernicious entrance of mediocrity, much to the detriment of the deaf children at the Missouri School.

The education of deaf children requires special qualifications plus experience in the directing head, otherwise the result is sure to be disastrous. An agile mind and plausible personality is no guarantee of success in educating children deprived of the most important of the five senses—the sense of hearing.

It is the province of the school to so train and educate its deaf children that, when their terms of schooling have expired, they shall be equipped with the essentials which produce good and useful citizens.

It is destructive of the commonwealth to burden the community with incompetents.

There should be plenty of plums on

the political tree to award the faithful, without entailing the sacrifice of little children and the consequent deterioration of the State.

Politics and education should be divorced forever.

## Dr. Long Resigns

Friends of Dr. J. Schuyler Long, a former teacher at the Wisconsin State School for the Deaf from 1889-1901 and for many years principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, Iowa, will hear with regret of his retirement on account of ill health.

Dr. Long, foremost among the deaf in this country, has long been recognized as one of the leaders in his profession, his contributions to the magazines of the profession being many and varied.

His dictionary of signs is a unique and wonderful contribution to literature, while his volume of poems show deep thought and feeling.

He has for many years been treasurer of the National Association of Teachers of the Deaf.

Dr. and Mrs. Long are making their home with a daughter in Omaha. We hope Dr. Long may soon be restored to full health.—*Wisconsin Journal*.

## Tacoma, Wash.

The Washington State Association of the Deaf Thirtieth Biennial Convention will be held in Yakima, Wash., August 31st, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd. This will be an interesting meeting and in an interesting part of the State. We hope as many of the deaf as can possibly make the trip will attend the Convention and enjoy the various things each day.

J. W. Millard is Chairman of the Local Committee. His address is 12101 Drive R, No. 2, Yakima, Wash., and any information desired may be had by writing to Mr. Millard. The program is as follows:

Thursday Evening, August 31st, at 8:00 P.M.—Reception at the Yakima Chamber of Commerce Auditorium.  
Friday, September 1st—All-day business meeting at the C. of C. Auditorium.  
Friday Evening, September 1st, at 8:00 P.M.—Dance at the C. of C. Auditorium.  
Saturday, September 2nd—All-day business meeting at the C. of C. Auditorium.  
Saturday Evening, September 2nd, at 8:00 P.M.—Banquet at the Commercial Hotel.  
Sunday, September 3rd—All-day picnic at State Fair Grounds.

The headquarters will be at "The Bonnelly Hotel."

A wonderful time is in store for us so don't fail to come and see the beautiful Yakima Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Jones (Alice Hanson) of Chicago, and her sister, Marion (we do not know her married name) of Oakland, Cal., accompanied their parents, Rev. and Mrs. Olof Hanson, to the Tacoma Episcopal Service last Sunday, and later drove to Point Defiance Park to enjoy the natural beauties of this reserve.

Laura Hale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hale, is visiting for the summer with her uncle and aunt in Walla Walla, Wash. Her uncle is postmaster there.

Arvid Rudnick returned June 29th from his visit to the Century Progress Fair at Chicago. He reports a wonderful time and interesting sights.

He also met many Gallaudet College students, and had a nice visit and dinner with Supt. and Mrs. Booth at the Omaha State School for the Deaf, and while in Denver met Rev. and Mrs. Homer Grace. Arvid traveled east over the northern route and returned by way of the southern route, and so saw a good deal of new country.

The Seattle deaf gave a picnic at Roosevelt Park in that city on July 4th, and among the Tacoma visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hale, Otto Lichtenberg, James Scanlon and Hiram Hopping. Miss Tina Skansie, of Gig Harbor, Wash., also attended.

A baby daughter arrived to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dardnell Bowls, on June 25th. Her weight was eight pounds, and she has been named Elsie Ellen. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lorenz entertained at a good dinner and pleasant time on Sunday, July 9th, their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Waincott, Mr. and Mrs. Neils Boesen, and Stanley Stebbins.

One day recently, Mr. Albert Lorenz made a business trip to Seattle and enjoyed the day by going and coming by boat. The boat ride on Puget Sound to any point is a real pleasure. Before there were so many automobiles, most travel between Tacoma and Seattle was by boat, and it made a nice and restful journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Waincott and A. C. Goetz, while on a business trip to Olympia, visited the Capital, and later called on Mrs. Dardnell Bowls (Mary Main), who is visiting her parents in that city. They enjoyed the day and also the dinner that Mrs. Bowls' parents invited them to share.

Services for the deaf were held in the Lutheran Church in Tacoma on Sunday, July 9th. Twenty deaf attended, and two members signed a beautiful hymn. The Lord's Supper service will be held in this same church on July 23d, at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Communion services for the deaf were held in Christ Church at North 3d and Kay Streets in Tacoma, with Rev. Olof Hanson, Rector, and will again be held for members of this church September 10th, at 9:15 A.M.

The name Gallaudet stands for a great deal to the deaf, so we were interested to read in the *New York Times* of the engagement of Miss Denise Gallaudet, who is the granddaughter of the late Rev. Edward Miner Gallaudet, founder of Gallaudet College for Deaf, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., and a descendant of the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet philanthropist, who in 1816 founded the Connecticut Asylum for Deaf, the first school of its kind in the United States. Miss Gallaudet will marry C. S. Francis, Jr., who was a member of the expedition in 1931 which discovered the source of the Orinoco River in Venezuela.

## OMAHA

Miss Ethel Wall, who spent the winter with an aunt in Los Angeles, Cal., came to spend the summer with relatives in Neligh, Neb. She was in Omaha for some time, the guest of her school chum, Miss Ruth Neuhar, and her former teacher, Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship.

Supt. Elwood A. Stevenson, of the Berkeley, Cal., school, stopped in Omaha for a couple of days, enroute home from the American Instructors' convention at Trenton, N. J. He took in the World Fair, and while in Omaha was the guest of his parents-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long. He praised the convention, and said it was one of the largest on record. Although Dr. Long was unable to attend, he was re-elected treasurer. He is still improving, and has been enjoying auto rides.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke were dinner guests of the Scott Cuscaden, Monday, June 26th. After being laid up the last three weeks from his recent accident, Mr. Cuscaden has returned to work.

In honor of her birthday July 8th, Mrs. James R. Jelinek was tendered a surprise party on Sunday evening, the 9th. Mrs. Jelinek was lured away to the home of Mrs. George L. Revers early in the afternoon. At an appointed time the guests walked in on Mrs. Jelinek, and boy, was she surprised! It was the first birthday party she ever had. She received a number of lovely and useful gifts.

Five tables at bridge were enjoyed, the prizes going to Mrs. Robert W. Mullin and Dale Paden, respectively. Refreshments, consisting of chicken salad, salted wafers, potato chips, ice-cream and cake, and punch were served.

Mrs. Tom L. Anderson entertained at a jolly surprise birthday party the latter part of May, honoring the "steenth" birthday of friend husband. A palatable six-course buffet supper was served on the lawn to some twenty high-spirited guests. Four tables at pirate-bridge were very much enjoyed. Tom received a nice batch of gifts.

Christian Ritz, about twenty-eight years of age, passed away at his home in Ashton, Neb., Sunday, June 25th, from anemia from which he had been ailing since January. He had been married to Vella Grimm only about a year. He and his wife were devout members of the Bethlehem Deaf-Mute Lutheran Church in Benson, to which they had contributed considerably. The funeral was held the following Tuesday from the farm home, with Rev. E. C. Mappes officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Beran, who were married in June, were tendered a surprise shower by a dozen of their friends in their apartment, Friday night, July 14th. The affair was gotten up by Miss Ethel Nelson. Games were played and light refreshments served.

A surprise shower was given for Mrs. Albert M. Kloppling, Thursday evening, July 13th, at the home of her parents. It was arranged by Mrs. R. W. Mullin and Mrs. Dale Paden, sister of the "victim." Twenty-two ladies were present, and Mrs. Kloppling was the recipient of beautiful gifts. Delicious homemade ice-cream, cake and iced tea were served at a late hour.

One of the most enjoyable parties in a long time was the whist party given by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke at their cozy home, Wednesday evening July 12th. It was in honor of Miss Ethel Koblenz, of New York City, who was enroute home from Los Angeles, Cal., where she had been visiting a year. There were seven tables at cards, and the fortunate prize winners were Mrs. George L. Revers and Charles Falk. Ice-cream, cake and punch, wound up a very pleasant affair. Miss Koblenz left Sunday morning, the 16th. She will stop at various places on the way. She attended Gallaudet College for one year. Guests from Council Bluffs were Mr. and Mrs. Anton Netusil and Miss Mary Dobson, also Miss Viola Tikalsky, of Verdigris, Neb.

The Episcopal Family met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clayton, Monday evening, July 17th. It was decided to hold a picnic Sunday, August 20th, at Elmwood Park. Refreshments were served by the vivacious hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Cameron, of Delavan, Wis., were in Omaha while their daughter, Betty, was in St.

Catherine's Hospital recovering from an appendectomy. They stayed with Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Cuscaden.

Riley Anthony, Jr., and another boy were awarded trips to the Chicago World Fair, in a trade campaign by merchants of Benson suburb.

HAL AND MEL.

## OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

The Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago has attracted quite a number of folks from our school. Cards received speak well of the exposition. Two of the matrons, Mrs. Myers and Miss Monahan, were among the latest to attend.

A card from Miss Catherine Toskey, whom we supposed was settled in Cincinnati for the summer, told us that she was enjoying the big fair. I have heard of four from Ohio who attended the Gallaudet Alumni banquet in Chicago. They were Mrs. J. C. Winemiller, Misses MacGregor and Toskey, and Mr. James Flood.

Miss Lillian Rhoads, one of our teachers, has been resting in San Francisco with a Columbus friend, at one of the hotels there.

Mr. Stephen Douglas, a deaf colored man, who was acting as umpire at a ball game in Columbus, was struck by a batted ball and received a broken nose. The man came to Ohio from Alabama.

The announcement of the engagement of Mr. Everett Rattan, the wrestler, to Miss Addie Jones, a graduate of 1933 at the Ohio school, was not surprising, as friends had noted the mutual attraction. Miss Jones is the daughter of Mrs. Juanita Jones, formerly of Akron. The family came from Georgia to Ohio several years ago. At present Miss Jones and her sister, Juanita, are residing in Sandusky with another sister, Mrs. Teddy Goetz. No date for the wedding has been announced.

Friends of Mrs. Laverna C. Pumphrey, of Zanesville, were glad to learn that her aged mother is somewhat improved in health. She has been ill for some time now.

Mr. Lake E. Clinker, of Toledo, has such a fine reputation as a shoe repairer that he has been asked to exhibit some of his rebuilding work at the Chicago exposition. Mr. Clinker has won many awards at exhibitions, and worked up a national reputation. He can take shoes seemingly past all repair and reconstruct them to look like new.

I believe Mr. Clinker did not take up shoe repairing while attending the Ohio school, but learned the trade later. I remember Lake well as one of my pupils years back, and am glad to learn of his wonderful work, and hope the exposition will find his handwork worthy of a medal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Nine, of Cedar Springs, N. C., were guests for a few days in Columbus with Mr. and Mrs. K. Snethers. They were on their way to Akron to spend the summer, returning to North Carolina in time for the opening of school.

A June wedding late to be reported, was that of Mr. Martin Offenburger and Miss Jennie Andrews, who were united in marriage June 4th. As both are Columbus people, it is supposed that they will make their home here.

Mrs. Anna Pettypiece (nee Phillips), of Winnipeg, Canada, is in Cincinnati visiting her parents and her friends.

Mr. William Wortman, of Sacramento, Cal., has been in Cincinnati visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Wortman, who have recently come from a five-year stay in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munday and Mr. and Mrs. Alby Peterson, of Dayton, were in Cincinnati to see their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wortman.

Mr. and Mrs. Alby Peterson, with Mr. Arthur Peterson, leave Dayton the last of July, for a vacation trip in Minnesota, visiting their mother. They will attend the convention of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf at Faribault.

We were greeted on High Street the other day by Mr. Fred Moore, who was looking spick and span, as if he had just stepped out of a band-box. He reported all the folks left at the school are doing well.

The following amusing news came through Mr. Nelson Snyder, of Dayton:

"Mrs. Alby Peterson and Mrs. Fred Freimuth and dog 'Spitz' were held in duress vile at Sharonville, near Cincinnati, for a few hours on Sunday, June 4th.

"A heartless motor cop stopped their car, alleging they were going too fast—at a 50-mile per clip. Alby Peterson, driver of the car, denied the accusation, but to no avail. He was assessed a fine and costs in the Sharonville mayor's court, and having no money, left his wife, also Mrs. Freimuth and the dog as security, and went to Dayton to get the money necessary to pay the fine and costs—\$10—and release the 'security' from their unpleasant detention.

"They were on their way back from a visit to the St. Rita School for the Deaf. The trip was rather expensive. But it is a good thing to make speed slowly, particularly within the confines of an incorporated town or city. And you can't argue with a cop!"

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

## THE U. L. OUTING TO ROTON POINT PARK

The second annual Summer Excursion under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Sunday, July 23d, was even more enjoyable than that of last year.

The chartered steamer "Cambridge" was ready long before the scheduled time, 8:30 A.M., to leave for Roton Point Park, but it was past nine o'clock before the start was made.

So far as we know, only one lone person got left—a lady, who arrived at the pier just a few minutes after the steamer was about a hundred feet out.

On board we met Prof. and Mrs. George Yoerger, who had his trained dogs with him, and for the edification of a few made the dogs perform several tricks.

The capacity of the "Cambridge" is 900, and those she carried to Roton Point that day included, all told, about 650, therefore there was no crowding.

The committee of arrangements, which included Aaron Herwit (chairman), Solomon Isaacson, Edward Baum, Michael Davinger and Julius Goldstein, arranged for those who did not bring lunch with them, by selling "hot dogs" and various kinds of soft drinks, including real beer.

The boat arrived at the park at the scheduled time, 12:30.

The last time ye scribe was at this park was about forty years ago. There can be no comparison of what it is today—a real summer amusement resort—almost everything there were not there forty years ago. It has a fine bathing house, and pavilions where you can secure meals at city prices.

As for amusements, it has many, some like those at Coney Island.

The bathing house was besieged as soon as the boat docked at the park, and several just made the boat after a hurry change of clothes from their bathing suits.

There were two baseball games in the afternoon. The field had in advance been reserved for the use of the U. L.

The players of the teams selected were the Clark and the Margraf clubs. The former won by a score of 2 to 0.

The second game was between former boys of the Fanwood and Lexington Avenue schools. The Fanwood boys won easily, 12 to 3.

In both games a soft ball was used.

The start for home was made at 7:30 P.M., and was reached at 11:30.

There must have been about 100 children with their deaf parents. Perhaps the youngest was Joan, the babe of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Schwartz. They brought full equipment for the comfort of the youngster, folding go-cart and all.

For the first time since Mr. Joseph F. Mortiller has been president of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, he was absent from the regular meeting on Thursday evening, July 20th. He had to work overtime at his place of business.

Mr. Ludwig Fischer, the First Vice-President, at this meeting, presided in a very creditable manner. Although the debate on many things was spirited, Mr. Fischer was able to bring the meeting to a close in record time.

At this meeting, the reports of the various committees showed the organization to be progressing.

The long-awaited report of the Board of the expenses incurred in moving to the new quarters was made and approved.

The New York Branch of the National Association asked permission to use the hall for a Political Symposium on the 11th of October, and it was granted.

In Paris, Dr. Calmette scientist of the Pasteur Institute, has succeeded in his experiment in the cancer treatment. He stopped the growth of cancer in a white rat by injecting venom from a cobra. The discoverer of this cancer treatment is Dr. Adolph Monae Lesser, father of Mr. M. Monae Lesser, a deaf young man who is well known among the deaf. Dr. Monae Lesser is an Honorary Member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Mr. M. Monae Lesser reports that his father, who has been on the sick list for a long time, is now much improved.

The starting point for the Men's Club Boat Excursion on Saturday, August 12th, has been changed to the Battery Pier. The fast steamer "Mayflower," a showboat and floating palace, will leave at 10:15 A.M., daylight time. Tickets will be sold only at the pier: special rate of \$1 round-trip for the cruise over 100 miles to Bridgeport, Ct. Eight hours will be spent on the boat, and two hours in Pleasure Beach Park. "A nice, cool way to spend an August day," as Eddie Thetford, the poetical chairman of this excursion, puts it.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fenton, (Rasmie Peterson) of San Francisco, Cal., arrived in New York on Friday, July 21st, and registered at the Roosevelt Hotel. The next day they visited the Fanwood school, where Mr. Fenton was educated. In the afternoon they visited the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. After taking in the sights, including going atop of the tallest building, the Empire State, and a trip to the famed Coney Island, their destination will be Boston, and afterwards Philadelphia. They will also go to Chicago to take in the fair, and then home to San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Erwin B. Earnst (nee Alice Lockwood) died Wednesday, July 19th, after an unsuccessful operation for appendicitis. The funeral was held at her residence in Jersey City on Friday evening, Rev. G. C. Brad-dock officiating. Mrs. Earnst was popular in Jersey circles, and many of her friends were present and extended condolences to the bereaved husband and children. Interment was made Saturday, in Woodlawn Cemetery, Stamford, Ct.

Mr. Louis Hagan, the Egg and Butter man, and his family are again settled for the summer at Rockaway Beach. The Farlier family are also staying at this resort.

And still another deaf man, Benjamin Mintz, is also a summer resident at Rockaway.

Mr. Andrew McCay, another Butter and Egg man, when business is slack, takes advantage by taking trips in his handsome car. On Saturday he motored to Bridgeport, Ct., to visit friends, and the next day—Sunday, the 23d—he took friends in his car to Roton Point Beach, where the Union League and friends were picnicking.

Merritt Klopsch has been around with the boys frequently of late. He was educated under the oral method, but spent one last year at the vocational school at Fanwood. His father for many years owned and conducted the *Christian Herald*. Mr. Klopsch has been married for eleven years.

On Wednesday, August 2d, Mr. Bernard Kwitkie and his mother, Mrs. Helen Kwitkie, leave for Chicago to take in the fair, and after a stay there of a few days, will return home to California.

The 18-year-old lassie that thousands have admired who does the hula, Harlem, Charleston and Lindy, is Miss Esther Goldberger, a deaf girl, who lives in Laurelton, L. I.

Mr. Frank Scofield, of White Plains, N. Y., arrived in Chicago on the 19th of July, and writes he is going to give the fair the once-over.

The Hallow'en Party of the Brooklyn Guild will occur on October 28th, with Miss Harry Liebohn in charge. See next week's schedule of the Brooklyn Guild.

Mrs. Liebohn's daughter, Ellen, has just returned from a very enjoyable stay at Schroon Lake.

## SEATTLE

Ideal weather on the 4th of July brought out a large crowd to the picnic at Ravenna Park. Over one hundred were present. A game of baseball between Frats and non-Frats was won by the latter. There were many games and contests, such as leapfrog race, potato race, clothes hanging contest, rope skipping, ball throwing, pitching horse-shoes. Some thirty prizes, from boxes of candy to Kodaks, mostly contributed by business firms, were awarded. Mr. Landreyou deserves special credit for securing the prizes. Among the prize winners were E. Frederickson, Wilbur Jensen, Joe Kerschbaum, Mrs. A. Martin, Mrs. Landreyou, Rex Oliver, James Scanlon, Clarence Thomas, Mrs. Rolph, Mr. Wright, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Bodley and Ted Westerman.

In addition to the prizes donated by merchants, valuable prizes were donated by Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. Landreyou. Mr. Root donated the printing.

There were many out-of-town visitors, among whom we noticed the following: Miss Ethel Koblenz, of New York, a Gallaudet girl; Mrs. F. C. Holloway, of Council Bluffs, Ia.; Miss Marion Finch, of Salem, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Divine, of Baton Rouge, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Belser, of Wenatchee, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. Hale, of Tacoma; Mr. Divine, Mr. Martin and Mr. Sanders, from Vancouver, Wash.; Mr. Scanlon and Mr. Hopping, of Tacoma; Miss Clementina Skansie, of Gig Harbor, Wash.; Mr. Morton Henry, of Monroe, Wash.; Mr. McDonald, of Port Blakely; Mr. and Mrs. Rex Oliver, and the Fredericksons, from Everett; Holger Jensen, from Olympia; Wilbur Jensen, from Everett; Joe Modar, from Stanwood; Vernon McGiff, from Snohomish; and a number of others whose names we did not get.

Lunch was served in family style by groups, and the committee furnished coffee and frankfurters at a nominal charge. The committee, in charge of the picnic, were Claire Reeves, chairman; Thomas Bradshaw, A. W. Wright and Harry Landreyou.

Among those at the picnic was Mr. MacRae, a sailor on the S. S., Salt Lake City, whose parents are deaf and live in North Carolina, and were schoolmates of Bert Haire.

The mother of Mrs. May Gagnon, of Everett, died last June from a broken hip caused by falling out of bed. Mrs. Gagnon is keeping house with her son, eighteen years old, who is going to college in California next fall.

L. R. Bradbury, Morris Pedersen, Lynn and Lamer Palmer, have taken a large job to cut wood for the market on a place two miles east of Maple Valley. Mr. Bradbury's father acts as sales manager, and they will supply the wood to various fuel dealers in Seattle. They hope the work will last many months.

Miss Genevieve Sink left last Thursday afternoon for Northern California, where she will stay for several weeks. She did not tell her friends there that she was coming, intending to give them a big surprise. About the middle of August she will leave for a visit to the Chicago World's Fair, and go further east to New York City and Boston. We are looking for her to be back in Seattle by October.

On July 1st, several friends of Miss Sink gave her a surprise farewell party, and presented her with a number of handkerchiefs and a leather-bound travel book to tuck into her traveling bag. Her sister, Mrs. Graham, who was in the secret, prepared the refreshment tables down in the store. Those taking part were Mrs. Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Dr. and Mrs. Hanson, Misses Mullin and Nation, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gustin.

Mrs. Edna Bertram has been appointed by President Skoglund, chairman of the program for the coming State convention, to be held at Yakima on August 31st and September 1st and 2d.

On July 4th, Mrs. Hanson accompanied her three daughters, the husbands of two of them, and her two little granddaughters to spend the day on the beach at Manchester. This was where the Hansons had a cottage for several summers while the girls were small, and was a familiar place they were all eager to revisit. The small boats which used to run in the old days are no more, but a ferry runs from Alki direct to Manchester, leaving every forty minutes, so it was easy to get across. The bunch had a great time sun-bathing and lurching on the beach, and later nearly all went into the salt water for a good swim. A number of old friends and neighbors were visited before returning on the ferry.

The evening of July 3d, the Hansons held a reception, in honor of their daughters and their husbands. It was well attended, not only by the local deaf, but by a number of out-of-town visitors. They were Mrs. Holloway and her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Belser, of Wenatchee; Mr. and Mrs. Reichle, of Portland; Mr. L. A. Divine, Mr. George Martin and Mr. Oscar Sanders.

On July 5th, Mrs. Holloway entertained at a charming luncheon in a private room at the Y. W. C. A., and the ladies present thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. Besides the hostess, there were present Mrs. W. A. Smith, Miss Marion Finch, of Salem, Ore.; Miss Sink, Mrs. Bertram and Mrs. Hanson. Following the luncheon, some of the ladies went to a matinee. At the P. S. A. D. meeting last Saturday, Mr. Landreyou debated with Mrs. Hanson as to whether city or country life were better, he upholding the city. The judges decided in his favor. At the same meeting, Mr. Koberstein gave a vivid description of the earthquake at Los Angeles, which occurred during his visit there.

Ed. Garrison started to work in the office of the factory where his father was employed the day after high school closed.

Carl Garrison is holding a fine parcel of water-front property on Camano Island for a rising market. He has already refused more than one offer this spring.

Oscar Sanders was in town a few days, staying with the Garrisons. He left on Friday for a stay with his father, who is in poor health.

Mr. L. A. Divine and Mr. George Martin have been visiting the former's son and his wife, who have a suite in the University apartments on Brooklyn Avenue. The younger Mr. Divine, who is resident principal at the Louisiana school at Baton Rouge, is taking a summer school course at the University.

Arvid Rudnick, back from his great trip to the Chicago World's Fair, is enthusiastic about what he has seen, and will never forget his visit east.



## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

On July 8th, Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan and little son, accompanied by Charles McLaughlin motored over to Mrs. Buchanan's mother's home near Glanville, where they visited over Sunday, July 9th. Messrs. Buchanan and McLaughlin returned to this city late Sunday night, but the other two are sojourning up that way for a month or so. Little Alex is greatly taken up with the fowl and bovine on the farm.

Mrs. George J. Timpson, of Mimico, and her uncle, Mr. Alex McLaren, of Smith's Falls, were guests at "Mora Glen," on July 14th, where they had tea and spent the evening most pleasantly.

Mr. Ellsworth Bowman, of our post-office staff, commenced his annual holidays on July 17th, and was spending the first two weeks with his family at Mrs. Bowman's old home in Brantford.

Taking advantage of the low round trip fare to Windsor and Detroit for the week-end of July 17th, Miss Carrie Buchanan, our well-known all-round athlete, left that Friday evening for the Border Cities, where she had a grand time visiting with her sisters, Mrs. John E. Crough and Miss Lucy Buchanan, in Walkerville. In the meantime friend Carrie visited Mrs. Edward Payne in the Windsor Hospital, visited Detroit on a shopping errand and took an aeroplane trip into the clouds, that was really exciting. She arrived back in Toronto early on the following Monday morning in time for her daily work.

Your reporter has just been informed at this writing that Mr. and Mrs. Asa Forrester, of Dunnville, came down to spend the Dominion Day recess with the latter's parents and here. On returning home they took along Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, parents of Mrs. Forrester. After enjoying a solid week with the Forresters in Dunnville, they were motored back again by Mr. and Mrs. Forrester.

Messrs. Roy Bowen and George Hunter, along with the Misses Carrie Buchanan and Erna Sole, motored up to Hamilton, where they had a pleasant time calling on their many friends on Dominion Day.

After enjoying almost a week with relatives and friends here and at Long Branch, Mr. and Mrs. Alex McLaren, left for Raglan to visit the former's brother, Mr. George McLaren, and his sister, Mrs. James J. Ormiston, as well as other relatives and friends in Oshawa, Enfield, Brooklin and nearby points, are finally leaving for their home at Smith's Falls.

Mr. A. W. Mason and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry Mason, accompanied by the former's son, Howard, motored out to Oakville, the other day on a visit to Mrs. R. M. Thomas, who was then slightly under the weather, but is better now.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sours, who had been down visiting at their daughter's, Mrs. Frank E. Doyle, since Dominion Day, left on July 13th, for their home in Clinton, accompanied by Mrs. Doyle, who intends sojourning up that way for a couple of months. Mr. Doyle, who starts his joiner up there, then both will return to this city at the end of his vacation.

The Rev. George Alm, who had experienced some little trouble getting by the immigration officials at the border, was at last successful and arrived here on July 13th, to take up his duties as pastor at our church. Now that he is in Canada, our London friends may rest assured that they will be able to get his service for their anticipated huge gathering at their Sunday meeting on September 6th. From current gossip this gathering and picnic on the preceding day will be monster affairs.

Our outside appointments for August, according to schedule are as follows: Rev. George Alm to Kitchener on the 6th; Asa Forrester at Dunnville, W. R. Watt to Hamilton, George MacDonald to London, James Green to Owen Sound, Wesley Ellis to Cobourg, and George W. Reeves to Phelps, all on the 13th; Colin McLaren to Oshawa, John T. Shilton to Sarnia, and Frank E. Harris to Woodstock, all on the 20th. These meetings should all be largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson, of Mimico, and their uncle, Mr. Alex McLaren, of Smith's Falls, came in to witness the Orangemen's parade on July 12th, and afterwards visited the Mason and Fred Terrell families, taking tea with the latter.

Mr. William Cameron took a run out to Hamilton on July 16th, to see his wife at the Mountain Sanatorium, whom he reports as doing very well.

Our service on July 16th were ably conducted by Mr. Harry E. Grooms, who gave a forceful sermon on the principles of Faith and our duty in its observation. If one has belief in the Living God, then he should always uphold his faith in his Only Redeemer. A very appropriate duet was nicely rendered by the Misses Nellie Patrick and Annabel Thomson. Miss Patrick left next day for an indefinite sojourn at her parental home near Lindsay.

The Misses Carrie Buchanan, Nellie Patrick, Lorina Tweedie, Erna Sole,

and Messrs. Roy Brown, George Hunter, were among the many who went up to Hamilton on July 15th, to attend the big picnic there. More of this later.

All the deaf in this vicinity are again counting on going to the big gathering of the deaf at London during the Labor Day week-end. It is there you meet so many good friends and enjoy a whale of a time.

While on their way home from a visit in Detroit over Dominion Day, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Quinlan and children, of Stratford, and Mack Hoy, of Avonon, stopped over here for a few hours, and gave Miss Edith Squire a very pleasant call.

A short while ago, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Stewardson, of Forest, motored over to Wyoming and picking up Miss Jean Wark, continued on to this locality, where they called and spent a nice afternoon with Miss Edith Squire and her mother.

We extend best wishes and congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Dunn, of Ottawa, upon their recent wedding. They are well-known by the deaf here, especially the bride and her deaf parents.

### OTTAWA VALLEY OPTIONS

Mr. Robert Scisson, who has been in this city for several months past, left on July 6th, to spend the summer and fall at his old home in South March.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Dunn, who are recent benedicts, and are getting nicely domiciled on Main Street in Westboro, are being visited and congratulated by their numerous Ottawa friends.

Ian Simpson is out almost daily swimming in the Ottawa River at Britannia Park, where he has great fun. He is willing to challenge any deaf person of his age in a swimming marathon.

Mr. James Cecchini has been laid off and is now looking for another position. He spends much of his spare time with Ian Simpson in the water at Britannia Park.

Miss Gladys Blais, of Toronto, is at this writing, visiting relatives and friends in and around this city. An annual event she enjoys.

Owing to slack times, Mr. Abram Hanna, took a week's rest from work, and enjoyed the time calling on his many friends and swimming at Britannia Park.

Miss Eva Henault motored her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Honore Henault out to Perth, where they enjoyed the week-end of July 8th, with their deaf friends, including Mr. Harold M. Hall.

### ACTON ACTIVITIES

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon J. Leggett, of Carleton Place were the guests of Miss Francis Kenney for a few days lately. They also visited Miss Kenney's cousins, Judge J. E. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson in Whitby.

We regret to learn of the death recently of the father of Miss Ada Munro, of Port Arthur, also of the passing of the mother of Miss Mary McQueen, of Guelph. Both Mary and Ada have our heartfelt sympathy. While being her guests here recently Miss Francis Kenney took Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Leggett in her car to Guelph, where they made a call on Miss Elizabeth Carter, with whom they had a very pleasant visit.

Up till a score of years ago, there were quite a good many of the deaf living in this section, but today Miss Francis Kenney seems to be the only one now in this town.

### WOODSTOCK WHISPERS

On Sunday morning, July 16th, two well-filled automobiles left St. Thomas for this city. The first arrived in the early forenoon had Mr. and Mrs. George Bell and the Misses Ada James and Jean Lawrence and they arrived in time to welcome Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, from Toronto, on the International Flier.

The second car, crowded to capacity with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paul and children and Mr. George R. Munroe. This car owned and driven by Mr. Beckett, halted at the parental home of Mrs. Paul, just outside of Ingersoll, where they all had dinner. Afterwards the party, minus Mrs. Paul and her children, who remained behind on the farm, proceeded into this city, and arrived in good time for our service.

On July 14th, Mrs. Margaret Nahrgang, of Haysville, was induced to come down to this city on the pretext of a having a great time. So tempting was the invitation that she came along and was told that on the morrow a bunch would motor out to some shady spot and enjoy the day. Remaining over night as the guest of Miss Iva Hughes, she was surprised to meet Mr. John F. Fisher and Miss Reta Windrim, of London, next morning, who, along with Mr. C. A. Ryan and Miss Iva Hughes picked her up and left on the King's Highway going East. All the time Mrs. Nahrgang was kept as much in the dark as a blind horse as to where they were going, until they landed at Dundrum Park in Hamilton, where the Hamilton Association of the Deaf were holding their annual picnic, then Peace, Gentle Peace, reigned over her heretofore perplexed mind. The whole party returned to this city at a late hour that evening. Mrs. Nahrgang remaining over here for a few days, as the guest of the Hughes sisters and

Mrs. Ben Cone and attended the Roberts meeting on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Groves and Messrs. Merton McMurray and Wilbur Elliott, all of Ingersoll, motored in and spent Sunday, July 16th, with their deaf friends here and took in the Roberts meeting.

Mr. Robert McKenzie, Sr., with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert McKenzie, Jr., and her deaf son, Charlie, and Messrs. George Mitchell and Lloyd Peterson, all of Harley, motored over to Norwich on Sunday, July 16th, and had dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Algie Perry, then the whole bunch, including the Perrys, motored up here to attend the Roberts meeting.

Just after dinner on Sunday, July 16th, Mr. and Mrs. George Bell and Mesdames Margaret Nahrgang and Herbert W. Roberts, with Mrs. Bell at the wheel, made a fast run down to Eastwood to bring up Mrs. Robert Batho to our service. She informs us that her husband has gone back to Vancouver, B. C., again, from Saskatoon, Sask. We are glad to say that her oldest child is nicely recovering from his recent operation for appendicitis.

When Mrs. Samuel Beckett, of St. Thomas, landed in this city on July 16th. She said it was the first time she had ever been in this city, and thought this place outstripped St. Thomas in beauty and other ways. Here's a quarter for you, my lady friend.

Probably the largest mission meeting yet held here took place at the Y. M. C. A. on July 16th, with Mr. Herbert W. Roberts, of Toronto, being the speaker, taking for his subject, "Choosing Your Lot As Christ Chose His," and spoke very earnestly on the great good of taking sides with Christ. Mr. George Bell, of St. Thomas, opened the meeting with the Doxology, while three inspiring solos were impressively rendered during the service as follows: "Hide Me, O My Saviour Hide Me," by Mrs. H. W. Roberts; "Jesus Is Calling," by Mrs. George Bell; and "Peace, Perfect Peace," by Miss Ada James. They all did splendidly. Mr. Charles A. Ryan led all in the Lord's Prayer.

### WESTERN WAITINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gardner are pleasantly domiciled in their new home at Cayley, Alberta, and are very happy since their recent marriage.

Mr. Rupert J. D. Williams, supervisor of boys at the Saskatchewan School for the Deaf, with Mrs. Williams and little daughter are now at Mrs. Williams' parental home near Hazel Cliff, Sask., where they may sojourn for the greater part of the summer. Little Audrey's love for the farm, its animals and birds knows no bounds.

The Kelly brothers, of Calgary, have been lavishly entertaining their deaf friends of late. Recently they had a card party, at which Mr. Davey and Miss Harriet Leighton, carried home the respective top prizes, while Mrs. Repp won the booby plum.

Mrs. Roy Christie, of Meadow Lake, Sask., was a visitor to friends in Saskatoon for a couple of weeks lately. Please, good friend, do come again and often, for you make it sunny whenever you're here.

Miss Pauline Ens, late of Rosthern, Sask., is now the new supervisor of the senior girls at the Saskatchewan School for the Deaf, having taken the place of Miss Hazel Miller, who resigned in order to accept a teaching position at Woodruff, Sask. Miss Ens is becoming a great favorite at the deaf school.

Mr. Edward A. Leslie, now living at Codette, Sask., is much interested in forming a colony of deaf farmers in Saskatchewan or Alberta, and would be glad to hear from any one else interested in this scheme. Of course, all should be able to finance themselves. Mr. Leslie is an old Belleville, Ont., school graduate and formerly lived in Listowel, Ont., before moving to Spruce Lake and other parts up this way.

Mr. Peter Bishop, who spent the past winter with Mr. and Mrs. David Roese at Heppburn, Sask., was visiting in Saskatoon, a short time ago.

Mr. George Serre, of Montreal, Que., who, many months ago, passed through the west to Vancouver, hiking it all the way, is now back in Montreal again, so we hear. When starting out he was in company with Mr. Reginald R. Garner, but the latter met with a serious accident at Sudbury Junction, that nearly cost him his life, and who is today recuperating at his father's home in London, England. Mr. Serre says he had a great time, though tough on his legs.

The Misses D. Hagen, H. Weir and E. Poulson, members of the teaching staff of the Saskatchewan School for the Deaf, were the delegates from school to the convention of instructors of the deaf, held at Trenton, N. J., in June last.

Mr. Ghomer Morris, of Muenster, Sask., has been a frequent visitor to Saskatoon, and on a recent week-end he drove out for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. David Boese at Heppburn, and took along the Misses E. Poulson and K. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Williams and Mrs. Roy Christie as passengers.

Mr. Daniel Talbot, of Whiskey Gap, Alberta, is a very clever toymaker, and has made a great many toys of every description and size, and would still be making more had he not been laid up for a long time with pneumonia

followed by an attack of jaundice, which has forced him to relax in his activities.

The Saskatoon Branch of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf has not been asleep—far from that. Led by the enterprising branch president, Miss Kathleen Stinson, the members have been devising various ways of raising funds for the 1935 convention.

President Stinson and Miss E. Poulson started the wheel going by holding a bridge party, at which a tidy sum was realized. In this contest the prize winners were Mrs. E. G. Peterson, Miss B. Morris and Mr. Hamilton. Refreshments were served, and a merry time had all.

This was followed by a bigger effort on the part of Mr. Peter D. Stewart, chairman of the vaudeville committee for 1935, and his assistants. They put on a long and varied programme of vaudeville in the auditorium of the school for the deaf. It drew a crowd of over 250 people. After paying off all expenses and donating ten dollars to the school for the pupils benefit, a profit of fifty dollars was made.

Though gratified at the liberal contributions to the fund, we still intend augmenting the chest box to a further extent. The latest affair in this respect was the delightful picnic, arranged by the hustling Mrs. R. J. D. Williams, which brought in a further lump sum, and now we advise our friends all over Canada to save up and come to Saskatoon, the best city in the west, and enjoy the best time of your life some time in the summer of 1935.

Upon receipt of a wire from Superintendent Thomas Rodwell, of the Manitoba School for the Deaf, advising him of the danger of that school not reopening next term, due to lack of Provincial Provisions in the Legislature budget, Mr. R. J. D. Williams, president of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf, wired the appointment of a Winnipeg committee, composed of Messrs. David Peikoff as chairman, Charles W. White and Harold N. Phillips, to fight against the closing of the school. The president also sent protesting telegrams to Premier Bracken, and the daily papers. The committee worked vigorously and unceasingly and had the quick support of thousands of people of Manitoba, with the result that the fight did not last long and the Government finally decided to vote a sufficient sum of money to enable the school to carry on. Long may this school live and God bless the citizens of Manitoba who see its need as an educational institution.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

All eyes are turned to Londonward and everyone is counting on going to the great Springbank picnic on Labor Day.

Mr. George Mitchell, of Brantford, is now working for Mr. Robert McKenzie near Harley and giving satisfaction.

### HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

### Akron, Ohio

Mrs. Emma Histick underwent an operation for appendicitis at the City Hospital several weeks ago. At present writing she is doing nicely, and is expected home again some time next week.

A birthday party was given in honor of Miss Katherine Ferres at her home Saturday evening. A delicious luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Benedict were recent dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Wickline at their home.

The roof of the home of Mrs. Ray Haney was partly damaged by fire at Ravenna recently. A neighbor saw the blaze before it had time to develop.

The home of Mrs. George J. Barron was the scene of a gathering Saturday evening, the occasion being an informal reception honoring her guest and old friend, Max N. Marcoson, teacher of the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Danville. About twenty-seven guests were in attendance to pay their respects to the guest and to share the popular hospitality of Mrs. Barron, who taught school in that city. The hostess served ice-cream and cake. All enjoyed themselves to the highest.

Ashtand D. Martin purchased a small chicken ranch near Doylestown, moved out there early this year, and is making splendid progress. He has quite a number of young chickens and hens, and his garden is in fine shape. Mr. and Mrs. Martin are now receiving visitors from Akron on Sundays.

Basket dinners, games, swimming, and a visit to the amusements were features of the annual picnic of Cleveland-Akron-Canton N. F. S. D. Divisions, Sunday, July 2d, at Geauga Lake Park. In the morning the Cleveland boys and the Akron boys crossed bats, with Akron the victor, 13 to 8. There was keen rivalry between the two teams. About twelve events featured the sports program. A large crowd was present. The following entertainment committees of the three Divisions rendered their services during the day's outing: Cleveland—P. D. Munger, Herman Cahen, F. H. McMullan. Akron—J. D. Hammersly, William Pfunder, Willard McConnell. Canton—Robert Davis, Howard Durian, Clifford Drake.

## CHICAGO

The greatest tragedy in all history of Deafdom was narrowly averted July 16th, when huge combers washed over a dozen-Gallaudetians into deep water well out in the lake.

Two dozen deaf were week-ending at the cottage of the Gus Hyman, on the Indiana Dunes, along the southern rim of Lake Michigan. Mrs. Hyman is superintendent of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf, and her daughter, Caroline, will graduate next year. A gale had damaged shipping the night before, and waves were still high. Over a dozen past and present students of Gallaudet with a sprinkling of "nons," ventured a hundred yards out in the lake—on a long, sloping sandbar, standing up to their arm-pits.

The huge rollers came in on a slant, or diagonal. All we know is one extra-large comber washed over the group. When their heads popped up, they found themselves in water several feet higher than before. Some of the lake took one of those sudden "piles" for which the narrow water-pocket is famous; but more likely they were washed into one of those deep holes left by sand-suckers, which took the lake-bed for filling in the grounds of the World's Fair.

In either case, there they were all in a bunch and far from shore. It is one thing to swim in still water; quite another matter to paddle when big waves keep breaking over your head and filling eyes and mouth with aqua pura. With one accord, all started paddling to shore. Until the strength of the weaker members gave out, all kept their heads.

Then began the battle for life. Most prominent of the life-savers was Caroline Hyman herself—wearing the American Red Cross lifesaving emblem. She started to lug in tiny Katherine Havens, a junior from Pennsylvania, and Lola Holmgren, a junior of Chicago. Some yards from shallow water, her strength gave out—she was operated on for appendicitis last Christmas. Caroline, single-handed, scored 21½ points in the annual co-ed swim at Gallaudet, winning the team trophy for her class.

Next in heroism was the only hearing man in the party—Washington Barrow, Jr., son of the Grand Old Frat. Barrow recently finished a four-year term in the Marines, stationed in China and Guam, and is a splendid physical specimen as well as a polished gentleman. Herman Biam, a "non," and Chicago's best stage comedian; Louis Masinkoff, nationally-famed for a 93-yard run for touch-down when in Gallaudet; and huge Art Shawl—one of Gallaudet's immortal Deer-Downs-Shawl backfield, also risked their lives by helping others.

Little by little, the massed party neared shore. The larger members gained footing—only to promptly lose it as the undertow swept them like spindrift. Over and over they fought to gain shore. Things looked dark.

The folks clustered on shore now began and realized the dire straits of the swimmers. A life-line was promptly formed, hand-to-hand, which ran out into the treacherous surf.

That simplified matters. Most of the party were well in by now. Shawl and Barrow, the biggest and most powerful, made short sprints to tow struggling swimmers to the lifeline—where they were able to hand-claw themselves out of danger. One by one, the party made shore. It was then Caroline Hyman pegged out—and an alert relief expedition Balboed their way to rescue her and her pals.

Jack Seipp single-handed brought in "Glorious Gladys" Rockney, the beautiful blond Norseman, from Wisconsin, who was featured in the newspapers at Buffalo's 1930 convention. From the way Gladys' eyes beamed eloquent gratitude the rest of the day, it is suspected a romance may possibly result yet.

At the time the party was submerged, the one furthest out was J. Frederick Meagher—who sometimes writes for the papers. "Judas Fathead," as friends familiarly style him, was trying to show-off his alleged aquatic skill by swimming well beyond his depth—for the express benefit of the golden-haired head-senior of the 1933 graduating class—Miss May Koehn, of Kansas. "Judas" swims with all the debonair dash of a mud-turtle in a slop-jar. On turning back, he found his whole party far away. He made the caterpillar climbing up a greased log—when Miss Koehn, a tall, powerful farmerette, grabbed him by that bear-rug that grows on his little buzzum and dragged him through the undertow.

Despite the narrow escape, the ardor of the party was in nowise diminished. They promptly organized a ball game in the hot sun, followed by a beach dinner and trimmings. As a result, several were taken violently ill on returning home.

Others of the several auto loads there—who reached the Dunes just as Balbo's 24 Italian planes soared directly overhead from their trans-Atlantic flight—were: Bill Hoffman, Miss Virginia Dries, Jim Flood, Miss Irene Crafton, Mrs. Harry Leiter, Joseph Arabanella, J. Shubert, Miss Gatte, the Washington Barrows and Miss Nora Nanney.

The World's Fair banquet of the World's Fair (est) Gallaudet College alumni was the annual feed on July 19th—at the exclusive Gladstone Hotel

way out on the South Side. "Heinz" attendance—just 57. (Trust Pappolysis Metropolitanski, the JOURNAL's star apprentice, to change these figures to 75, or 37, or some other helpful digits—on the age-old hypothesis that printer-lads always know the writers are exaggerating; so, to be sure we get the figures right, just once, I am repeating the number of diners thrice more—57, 57, 57.)

President Gilbert Oh Erickson is no pal o' mine—but, to do him justice, he makes the annual Gallaudet banquet epochal affairs. This year his treat was a banquet program modeled as a baby *Buff and Blue*—20 illustrated pages bound in the traditional buff colors of the student publication. Printed at his own expense. Extremely interesting—even if none of "Third Flat" Pat O'Brien's staff of JOURNAL writers is a collegian.

The banqueters came from all sections of the country. Speakers:—

President Erickson, "Nut Toaster." Secretary LeRoy Davis, Ed. Garrett, Caroline Hyman, Dr. Geo. T. Dougherty, Mrs. Frieda Meagher, Ladislaus Cherry, Rev. Geo. F. Flick, Arthur L. Roberts, all of Chicago. Also Williams and Gelfuss, of Wisconsin. Miss May Koehn, Kansas, head senior of the '33 graduating class and the best sign-singer in Gallaudet, rendered "Just a Girl." Harold Larsen, of Wisconsin, spoke for the "baby grads," class '33. Mrs. J. C. Winegiller and Jim Flood—both of Columbia, also spoke.

Besides the foregoing speakers and escorts, some of the many bona-fide Gallaudetians noticed were:—

Misses Goldie Newman, Katherine Kilcoyne and Lola Holmgren, of Chicago; Bessie McGregor and Katherine Toskey, of Columbus; Lalla Wilson and Nora Nanney, of Oklahoma; Gladys Rockney and Esther Rosenfield, of Wisconsin; Katherine Havens, of Pennsylvania.

Mesdames Alice Whitson and Leta Wood, of Chicago.

Messrs. Jack Seipp, Tom Gray, George Walnoha and John B. Davis, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Frank, William Zollinger, Art Shawl and Louis Masinkoff, all of Chicago.

Miss Viola Servold of (say, wish our eyes were keen enough to make out the hentracks we wrote, but when news-gatherers keep their peepers peeled for silk-sheathed calves while writing news-notes, such accidents just will happen) of some town or other, is coming to visit Miss Mary Rich, the popular belle of the younger set. Mary will try to persuade Viola to accompany her to Deadwood, in the Black Hills, of South Dakota, on her annual three-months' visit to the folks at home.

The "annual" of the Illinois school can't claim to be the best in the profession this year, as retrenchment cuts down on the size and on the illustrations. Indiana's "Orange and Black" easily takes the cake for 1933 graduation annuals—126 pages, and cover; on a par with many college editions. Johnnie Travis, the printerman, proves one of the best in the profession.

Mennen Kumis, the deaf fighter, has advanced to headline position in local boxing attractions, and gets considerable publicity. His fistful skill comes in handy; at a recent deaf dance he beat up beautifully one of the ill-nannered toughs who go around insulting decent damsels.

Guard S. Price and wife, both on the Oklahoma school faculty, are visiting the Fair. Price was Oklahoma impostor-chief two decades ago, when the N. A. D. put on its biggest and best parade of result-getting.

Charlie Yanzito, the amateur movie-maker, has joined Chi-first Frats, planning that senior organization on a par with the Chi-oral-106 ranks, which has long boasted the capable Robert Blair.

Chairman Lester Hagemeyer is lining up a strong list of attractions for our annual Labor Day picnic at Polonia—benefit of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf. Games and races for prizes will feature. A big attendance is expected to come from the quadrennial state alumni reunion in Jacksonville, which closes the day before Labor Day.

Al Love, subbing on the *Herald and Examiner*, left for Quincy on the 17th, when wired that his mother was dying after being struck by a hit-and-run driver.

Mrs. Fred Young is spending two weeks in St. Louis, where she is visiting her chum, Mrs. Kilpatrick.

July 15th, the Fred Youngs gave a card party at their bungalow, netting \$5.05 for the aux-frats. Winners were Benson, Powers, Dore, Disz and Witte.

The month of August appears to be filling with prearranged dates for gathering of general interest tentatively, they are as follows: Saturday, August 5th, Sac Card Party; August 13th, Chicago 106, Bus Outing to Miller, Ind.; and August 20th, Chi-cho League of Hebrew Deaf Picnic at a Forest Preserve, located northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Jacobson are being kept busy entertaining their guests from outside Chicago, usually some relative or other. They evidently enjoyed their annual role.

Charlotte M. Twies, daughter of Mrs. Matilda S. Twies, of Milwaukee, Wis., has been in New York City since the early part of last June. Seeing her schoolmates of Wright Oral

School, N. Y., and Northampton, Mass., was her principal enjoyment.

Scarcely without planning, Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Livshis made an automobile trip to Milwaukee, Sunday, July 16th, which they had not visited for thirteen years. Instead of arriving by route of electric rail or that of the steamer, and seeing Milwaukee's sooty factory face, they entered it in the rear, and were pleasantly surprised by the wide-spaced atmosphere, hill-topping residences, and streets long-lined with trees. They regretted not to be able to see friends, due to lack of time.

Misses Esther and Rose Budnitsky made an unexpected auto trip, as guests of their old hearing playmates, to a farmland at Freeport, Ill., July 16th.

The married daughter of the Fredo Hyman and her little one are summing here with them. This former Mina Hyman was sent to the Fair as delegate by some organization near New York City.

Inzer Shubert is back to live here with his parents after four years work on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Violet Nelson, a lovely blonde oralist from Duluth, is our latest addition, living here with her parents.

Another, new blonde, aged 19, is Olive Walther, who lost her hearing a year ago while swimming.

Derald Loomis, of our Elmhurst suburb, is engaged to an Indianapolis lady, Miss Mary Margaret Graham.

A McLynch and wife, of Jeffersonville, Ind., visited the Fair—staying with the Ralph Millers.

The Lutheran deaf have chosen River Grove as a place for a picnic to be held Saturday, July 29th. Take Grand Avenue cars to the end of the line and transfer to buses to the grove.

### WISCONSIN

The faculty of the Wisconsin State of the Deaf has been chosen. T. Emery Bray will again be superintendent, Mrs. Nellie M. Passage, assistant steward, John Geyer, engineer, Mary W. Humphrey, matron, Ghelore E. Williams, field worker, Hazel D. Wilear, stenographer, Ida Dunn, librarian, Elma Wilcox, nurse.

Dora Lowe will be high school principal, and Katharine Williams, the grade principal.

Teachers for the year 1933-34 except Paul Lange, who has resigned, will be: Edith Matteson, Fred J. Neesam, Laura Crosby, Mary Williams, John Gant, Mary Laurence, Edna I. Bossi, John A. Moore, Marlene Parish, Emily Roberts, Marvel Hobart, Margaret Ellis, Avis Stewart, Eva Kaisermann, Gertrude Pynn, Virginia Spurling, Helen Thomas, Jean Utley, Mary Kuglitsch, Leona Austin, Wallace Williams, Ida Hanson, Duncan Cameron, Boyce Williams.

In the vocational department the instructors will be Charles Dunn, Marvin Rod, George Wood, Gaije Joiner, Geneva B. Llewellyn, Mildred S. Hurdis, Beatrice Richardson.

THIRD FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

### Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Gould, of Rome, N. Y., passed away in his sleep on July 11th, and was buried July 14th. A hearing minister officiated at the rites, assisted by Rev. H. C. Merrill. The deceased leaves three hearing daughters, his wife having died some years ago. He was educated in the public schools until seventeen years old, when he lost his hearing, and never attended a school for the deaf. His funeral was attended by a large number of friends and relatives, and the floral tributes were profuse. Rev. and Mrs. Merrill, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Myers attended from Syracuse.

Rev. H. C. Merrill and George Root roughed it for a few days starting July 15th, at a summer camp on Canandaigua Lake, owned by the Merrills' daughter, Mrs. Albert Hemstreet, of Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, of Oneida are spending some time at Springfield, Mass., with their daughter, Amy. They have rented their farm near Oneida to a son.

The Frats of Syracuse have decided to hold their picnic on August 13th, at a grove in the southern part of the city near the Percy Hughes School. It is in an out-of-the-way place and no street cars run near it, and as there are no conveniences, we cannot understand how they expect to make a success of the affair. However, as we are not a member of the organization, our opinion is not considered of much weight.

Mrs. Marie Kennedy is spending her vacation with a son and family at beautiful Fourth Lake in the Adirondacks.

The Ayling, Eaton, and Brown families spent July 16th at another Lake, having a family picnic.

The Utica Frats held a two days' carnival at Sylvan Beach on July 15th and 16th, with a good crowd present. On July 16th, the Auburn Division had a picnic at beautiful Owego Lake. Some Syracuseans attended both events.

Mrs. Mary Miller, of Buffalo, recently sold some property she owned in Laporte, Ind., and has invested the money in Buffalo real estate. She is making her home in



## Wilkesburg, Pa.

(By Bernard Teitelbaum, Batting for G. M. Teegarden)

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Teegarden, being on a vacation in New York with their daughter, Alice, Bernard Teitelbaum is sending in these news items.

On July 9th, thirty-nine friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Friend journeyed to their farm in Volant and spent a most pleasant day there. They went in private cars.

Miss Helen Wilson is back at the home of her parents on Race Street. Helen is a charming young lady and bids fair to become popular here.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Leitner seems to be the mecca of the deaf of Wilkesburg. The reporter dropped in to see them one day and found quite a gathering there. The Leitners have a very cozy home on East End Avenue.

Extensive alterations and improvements have been going on at the School since school closed for the summer. The floor on the first floor of the main building has been sanded and will be varnished and waxed; the walls have been painted and otherwise cleaned. The place will soon look like new.

In the industrial building the floors are being relaid. The printing office is coming in for a generous share of the alterations. New equipment is being installed and the plant is being modernized in every respect. The trustees deciding that a hearing man was needed at the head of the Department, Mr. George A. Pillsbury, a graduate of Carnegie Institute of Technology, and an instructor in the Carnegie Night School for four years, has been added to the staff, giving the department two teachers. Mr. Pillsbury as head teacher and Mr. John L. Friend, who has faithfully served as teacher of printing in the school for twelve years, as assistant teacher. With new equipment and two teachers, it is expected that the School will turn out a large number of first class printers.

There are many other improvements being made which may be seen during the coming Reunion-Convention, September 1st to 4th, inclusive. So, avail yourself of the opportunity of killing three birds with one stone, attending a reunion and a convention and noting how your Alma Mater has been dressed up.

The Wilkesburg Silent Circle has been having quite large crowds in the hall on Saturday evenings.

Wilkesburg Division, No. 109, N. F. S. D., is having a picnic this coming Sunday at Idlewild Park, near Ligonier. We all fervently hope that the weather will hold fair.

The following are at present employed at the School this summer: Harry Richards, George Rovnak, Laurence Frank, Bruno Legonci and Jim DiSanto. Normally more than this number are employed at the School during the Summer, but the number this year is limited by a reduced budget.

For the last two weeks the reporter has been struggling to raise a cute little moustache. It is now visible and the reporter strokes it almost incessantly, to the amusement of his better half who has taken to reminding him that it is still there.

## The Weak Foot

The human foot is a piece of delicate and complicated mechanism, and on its perfect working depends much of our health and comfort. It is unnecessary to add that feet are both misunderstood and abused. We intend here not to go into the many actual disabilities and disorders to which feet are subject, but simply to discuss for a moment what is known as the "weak foot."

The weak foot, whatever may be the cause of its weakness, is naturally the uncomfortable and often acutely painful foot. Some feet are miserable all the time, because they were formed to carry one hundred and thirty pounds, and would do so cheerfully, but are saddled with two hundred and fifteen. Some are miserable because they need a number five shoe and are stuffed into a number four. Some are miserable because they wear silly, fussy shoes that have their little season and pass away. We have in mind the weak feet of women; men have less vanity as regards their feet.

A strong, well-knit, unspoiled foot can afford to change and experiment with shoes, but experiment is agony to the weak foot with spreading arches and sensitive ligaments. The market is filled with shoes that are advertised as cure-alls. They are generally honest, well-made shoes, but no single type of shoe will suit all people. When Mrs. Brown says to Mrs. White, "Have you tried the so-and-so shoes? Such peace as they have given me!" She takes it for granted that nature has given her and Mrs. White feet exactly alike. Mrs. White tries the shoes and continues to be a martyr.

Much suffering of that sort is unnecessary. Seek the advice of a good surgeon-chiroprapist. In many cases he can help or cure the trouble by means so simple that the resulting relief seems almost miraculous. As one patient put it after she had been to see a chiroprapist, "I went limping for years, and now I have wings to my feet!"

## The Idle Baker

To attract the custom of the foreigner Japanese tradesmen often put up signs in what they consider to be idiomatic English. Such signs contain amusing mistakes. One of the funniest is that exhibited by a Japanese baker in Tokio; it reads: "A. Kashinuru, Biggest Loafer in Tokio."

The well-known Matty Blake, Chairman of this occasion, invites all to meet the gang at the

## PICNIC AND GAMES

of  
**BRONX DIV. NO. 92**

**N. F. S. D.**

at the spacious

**Loeffler's Park & Casino**

2061 Westchester Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

**Saturday, July 29, 1933**

Afternoon and evening

## Frat Championship Bowling Contest

Bronx, No. 92, (champions)

vs.  
Combined Newark, No. 42, and Jersey City, No. 91 (contenders)

## Cash Prizes

to individual bowlers scoring highest points

## Girls! girls! enter the BEAUTY CONTEST

## OUTDOOR AND INDOOR GAMES MUSIC AND DANCING

**Admission - - - 50 Cents**

Directions to hall—Lexington Ave. subway to 124th St., change to Pelham Bay Park train on same platform and get off at 177th St. From West Farms, take cross-town car and get off at 177th St. and Westchester Ave. Park is two blocks north.

## PICNIC & GAMES

**BROOKLYN DIV. NO. 23**

(National Fraternal Society of the Deaf)

## INDOOR BASEBALL

**D. M. U. L. vs. Clark**

## TRACK EVENTS

100-yd. dash. 440-yd. dash. 1-mile run.

## GAMES FOR KIDDIES

## PRIZES - MUSIC - DANCING

## ULMER PARK

(B.M.T. West End Trains to 25th Av.)

**SAT. (Aft. & Ev'g) AUG. 26th**

**Admission 50c**



## Deaf-Mutes' Union League

**711 Eighth Avenue**

**New York City**

## ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING

## ENTERTAINMENTS

**September 23.....Mardi Gras**

**October 7 - 8.....Movies**

**October 28.....Hallowe'en Party**

**November 11-12.....Movies**

**November 29.....Thanksgiving Carnival**

**December 9-10.....Movies**

**January 13-14, 1934.....Movies**

## New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

**Plan to Retire at Age 55, 60 or 65**

**Absolutely safe investment. No higher rate to the deaf. Free medical examination.**

**Offered by the two OLDEST Companies in America NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL MUTUAL LIFE OF N. Y.**

## PLAY SAFE

mail this coupon now  
**MARCUS L. KENNER, Agent**  
114 West 27th Street, New York

Please send me full information.

I was born on \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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## Samuel Frankenheim

## INVESTMENT SECURITIES

**168 West 86th Street**

**New York**

## AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET



## Fair! Country Fair!

ALL THE RURAL DELIGHTS TO BE HAD ON

Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening

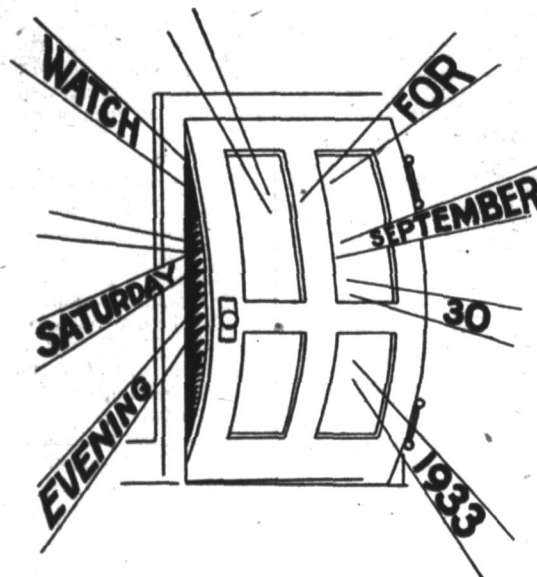
**NOVEMBER 17 and 18, 1933**

Under the auspices of the

**Woman's Parish Aid Society  
Virginia B. Gallaudet Ass'n  
and The Men's Club**

**ADMISSION, - - - - - 10 cents**

**A HOT HOME COOKED DINNER**



## Ephpheta Society

248 West 14th Street, New York City (BMT and 8th Ave. Subways at door)

Business meeting First Tuesday Evening  
Socials Every Third Sunday Evening

## FORTHCOMING SOCIALS

August 20th — (Ephpheta Sunday) — Mass, Breakfast and Boat Ride  
January 27th, 1934 — Basketball and Dance. (Other dates to be announced in due time)

For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either:  
Jere V. Fives, President, 32 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Marie C. Vitti, Secretary, 1433 Leland Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

## St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Summer services, each Sunday at 11 A.M. Holy Communion, second Sunday of each month.

Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

## Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

SOCIAL AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR 1933

November 25—Food Sale. Mrs. Emma Schnackenberg.

December 23—Christmas Festival. Harry Leibson.

Mrs. HARRY LEIBSON, Chairman. (DeKalb and Myrtle Ave. car stops at Adelphi St.)

## Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.

English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## All Angels' Church for the Deaf

(Episcopal)  
1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois (One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).

Rev. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.

Mr. FREDERICK W. SHUTZ and Mrs. FREDERICK B. WINT, Lay-Readers.

Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M., Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M., all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance, around corner).

ALL WELCOME

Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round.

Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome.

President: Joseph F. Mortiller, Secretary: Nathan Schwartz, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

## Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

## Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Sally Yager, 731 Gerard Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

## Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, J. M. Eblin, 1014 Gerard Ave., Bronx, New York.

## Queens Division, No. 115

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at the Jamaica, Y. M. C. A. Building, Parsons' Boulevard and 90th Avenue, Jamaica, the first Saturday of each month. For information write to Secretary Harry A. Gillen, 925 DuBois Avenue, Valley Stream, L. I.

## Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, 301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Saturdays

Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y, 954 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Entertainments

Balloon Party—Sat. Sept. 16th

Hallowe'en Party—Sat. Oct. 21st

Thanksgiving Carnival—Sat. Nov. 18th

## Reserved

**FEBRUARY 10, 1934**

Basketball and Dance, Auspices

Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Two

games: Union League vs. Gallaudet

College. Fanwood vs. Lexington.

## Reserved

September 16, 1933 — Bunco Party

October 21, 1933 — Jollity Fete

Auspices of Men's Club of

St. Ann's Church

## N. A. D. CONVENTION

New York City

1934

Watch future announcements coming!

How do the deaf manage to awaken at the proper time in the morning?

The all-electric Just Plug in Once!

## VIBRO CLOK

relays alarm to vibrator under pillow

\$5.50 Postpaid includes clock, vibrator, cord.

OTTO KADGW, 901 Crawford Ave., Bronx, N. Y.